Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI

THE CAP'N'S COX'N.

BY W. F. SHANNON.

"Macgrigor Anstruther Cahoun, A. B.,
Was as cool a card of the queen's navee
As ever roused the hard, Portsea,
Or Painted Point.
But his soul was among the damned, we hear,
'Cos he took up rum and turned down beer,
And frequent threw his inner gear
All out of joint.

"But Cox'n Macgrigor Cahoun, V. C.—"

"THERE'S no doubt he's a very diff'rent chara'ter," observed my friend Chatty Mather, A. B. "But we don't want to sit in this fog and hear about it. There's 19 verses to that hymn."

So we went out. We had been to a sing-song in a "rough" house in Portsea, and it was getting towards that time in the evening when hilarious spirits insist on using the table as a platform and make grave attempts to dance hornpipes on the mantelshelf.

"But what's the song all about?" I asked, as we walked up Queen street.

"Didn't I never tell ye about that? No? It starts here, too. This yer Macgrigor Cahoun was in the Dooke, layin' in the stream, when Cap'n Billy Bunson hoisted his pennant on her. Fust gen'ral leave after, Sam—which was the tally Cahoun sailed under in that ship—didn't get back when he ought. He was adrift 49½ hours, and then he arrove aboard in a waterman's boat, wid one boot on, no cap, and a general tore appearance. He limbered up afore the skipper the followin' Thursday, a' course.

"'What's this?' says the Cap'n. 'Broke your leave by over 48 hours? How's that?'

"'Missed me train, sir,' says Sam.

"'What hole of a place was you in then, where they on'y runs one train in two days?'

"'London, sir.'

"'Master-at-Arms, how many trains from London in a day?' said the Cap'n, turnin' to the johndy.

"The johndy looks 'em up. 'Nearly 40, sir.'

"'Did you miss all the 80, my man?'

"'On'y jist, sir. Hardly to be called a miss it wasn't. A sort of a nouter, sir, I should call it.'

"'Indeed! Fourteen days ten A, and stop his leave for a month, Master-at-Arms.'

"'Very good, sir,' says the johndy. 'But he's already habitual leave, sir,' (Only going ashore once in three months.)

"Cap'n Bunson hung on a minit as the beadle—which is the same as a johndy—spoke, and Sam took the opportunity to say he'd rather have cells than 10 A.

"The Cap'n looked him up and down for a minit or two. 'Well, my man,' he says, 'we don't know each other very well yet, but I think we shall. Of all the impudent scoundrels I ever met wid, you're the worst. You come aboard in a filthy condition after a drinking turn-out, and tell lies about missin' trains'—('On'y jist, sir,' whispers Sam)—'and now you ast a favor! You want to choose your punishment, eh? Why, if you told the truth I wouldn't give ye any at all. All you men lie and say you miss trains, and none of you think of sendin' a chit off explainin' that you're dead drunk and can't come.'

"'No, sir. Never struck me as any good, sir,' says Sam.

"'Exactly. And yet you all know that I know what's the matter.'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Try to tell the truth for the future, then. And as you want cells, do seven days of 'em in addition to the 10 A.'

"Sam done his cells, meditatin' deep all the time, and then done his 10 A mournful. It's very wearin' is 10 A, while cells is quiet and peaceful. In 10 A, when it's your watch below, you clean brass or paint work, or holystone decks, or take a rest for two or three hours on the quarter deck, standin' at attention facin' the paint-work, and two yards from anythink to lean ag'inst. You eat under the sentry's eye (and eat rapid, too, because your time's short) sittin' on the cable-deck, which is the windiest place in the ship. It's a fair torture of a punishment, although it don't sound hard in parliament, where they asts about it sometimes. Your grog's stopped in both punishments, and you mustn't smoke, a' course.

"When Sam next got leave he done the usual—broke it. Instid of him, a telegraph come to the Cap'n. That mornin' the Cap'n was the most ferocious on the defaulters I ever seen him. He gave 'em all the maxi'um punishment. He yapped at the officers; he said there was court-martials still to be had; he swore he'd have a hangin' at the yardarm; or, as there wasn't any on some ships, he'd put up wid a davit.

"We was all in the dark, a' course, about what had upset him. We thought his noolaids at breakfast was on'y warrunteds or cookers, and a little thing like that is quite enough to throw a post-cap'n out o' gear, I can tell ye. But when Sam arrove, 63 hours late, as usual, we heard diff'rent.

"Sam was put in irons at once, and piled down below before he knew where he was. He looked very hurt at the johndy and ast him why he give him this sort of thing, so diff'rent to his usual welcome. Where was them smiles he knoo so well? he ast, and the johndy told him it wasn't no smilin' turnout this time. 'It's mut'ny and court-martials,' he says.

"'Ah, well,' says Sam, as they was shuttin' the cell door, 'we can't all be bloomin' well sotless. My pore head! Sleep, gentle sleep. Rock me—'

"'Did you send this?' said the Cap'n, when he was brought before him. The Cap'n was tappin' a telegraph, and looking dark as—as—the double-bottom.

"'I certainly sent one, sir,' says Sam, and quite sober he was by this time, I can assure ye.

"'Read it,' says the Cap'n. 'Is that it?'

"The readin' on it was 'Blind drunk. won't come. Yours respectful, M. A. Cahoun.'

"'Yes, sir, that's it,' says Sam. 'I guv it to the landlord of the Dog and Duck to send when my leaf was up, if I was too drunk to send it myself. But it's true, sir, it's quite true. I can bring witnesses to prove it.'

"The Cap'n nearly choked hisself. He couldn't get out sufficient words at once. Might he be perished if ever he met such infernal cheek, he said. Any fool would know it was true. 'Tak' him away. I'll apply for a court-martial.'

"Now all this time Sam had been puttin' on the injured-innocent look, and he'd got it set.

"'But, sir,' he lammed off, 'you told me to do it. You said, tell the truth and shame the devil and I'll let you off the next time. And now I've done it, see what I git? That's trustfulness, that is!' And he pretended to turn to go below with the johndy.

"A sort of recollection seemed to come over Cap'n Bunson. His for'id begun to unwrinkle from the up and down strokes and started to wrinkle the other way for a smile. But he smoothed his face.

"'Come here, Cahoun,' he called. 'Are you a Scotchman?'

"'On'y a Stamshaw Scotchman, sir.'

"'Oh, on'y a Stamshaw Scotchman? And what's that?'

"'Father, Scotch. Mother, Cockney. Meself born in Stamshaw, sir.'

"'I see. Well, Cahoun, you do honor to your country.'

"'Which one, sir?' said Sam.

"'The country of mefastitises,' he says, meanin' Scotland. 'You'll overreach yourself one day, my man. I remember the occasion. I was skarcastic, and you think it's fine fun to carry on the joke, do ye? A seaman must learn that a officer can turn his jest to earnest very sharp.'

"'I wish you'd do it now, sir,' says Sam, smart as anythink.

"'The Cap'n frowned agin. He didn't quite see the point. He had to think out to hisself. 'I promised to let him off, in fun. He takes it in earnest. I take his earnest in earnest and start out to run him in for a court-martial, but he says he wishes I would turn my joke to earnest, 'cos then I must let him off. I believe the devil's cornered me.'

"Sam said he surmised all this argument was goin' on in the Cap'n's mind, and when he jist said 'Remanded,' he knoo he was safe.

"The Cap'n sent for him next day to his cabin.

"'Cahoun,' he said, 'I've decided to be in earnest.'

"'Thank ye, sir.'

"'I've put you in my boat's crew.'

"Sam was took aback, flat aback. He'd never been petted before.

"'But I'm habitual leave, and a thorough bad chara'ter, sir.'

"'You have been. But I'll give you a clean sheet, Cahoun. You start afresh.'

"'I—my—excuse me, sir, my eyes is weak,' and Sam drawed his sleeve across his face.

"The Cap'n was lookin' through Sam all this time he was tryin' not to leak. When he sees he was a bit manly agin', 'Shake hands, my man,' he says, and they shook hearty.

"'For the future, sir—'

"'No promises, Cahoun,' puts in the Cap'n. 'I won't have it. You are in my boat. Don't disgrace me.'

"That was Cap'n Bunson's way.

"When his cox'n was promoted to a higher ratin', Sam Cahoun took the billet, and so there you are. Now you know Sam, and you will be able to understand that for Cap'n Bunson he'd go through brimstone and treacle, to put it mild.

"Well, now we comes to Egypt, and the desert and the fight in the night. You know the Naval Brigade was there, a' course. Cap'n Bunson was there wid it, and Sam, who follered him like a shadder in every scrap, which was right. As Sam said: 'S'pose the Cap'n captures the enemy in bunches like Nelson used to do, I must be there to stack up the captured swordses and spearses, while he politely bows to the niggers.'

"But in this night fight the Cap'n got lost somehow. You remember we was drove back, formed up, broke again, reformed, each man plyin' his gun or his cutlass wid all his might to keep his own life. It was the most tremenjus burnin' fiery furnace I've even bin in. You couldn't see in the least what you was a doin' of. I seemed to hear, dreamy between the hard work of cuttin' and thrustin', Sam moanin' that he'd lost the Cap'n, and astin' everybody if they'd seen him. And they all said 'No!' emphatic, and went on fightin', thinkin' he was wid some other company.

"'What did he want to slope off by hisself for, tryin' to sneak all the glory,' I heard Sam sayin'. 'Nelson always uster stick by his cox'n and share it. Well, so long, Chatty, I seen him last over this way. Out the way, you!' And still in a dream, I seen him down one or two Noobians and pass into the thick of the fight.

"Then I surmised he'd bin speakin' to me.

"But the rest of us was pushed back and back, sweatin' and baked. Sometimes I heard, and yet did not hear, husky voices screamin': 'Stick to it, Navy,' or Number One thunderin': 'Steady on the right, men!' or the pipin' of the sub-lootenant: 'Off-sides there!' as a Dervish speared his way through the line and he pipped him wid his revolver.

"And as for me, I was gettin' tireder and tireder. The whole earth was full of mad black men, and they was all waitin' their turn at me. Something 'ud loom up like a figure in a fog, big and sudden. There'd be a little private fight, and one of us was down bitin' at the sand, or clutchin' at the air, or beatin' a tattoo, or just simply still. And the sound in your ears was maddenin,' so that the eyes seemed useless. Three-and-forty times I lunged and parried, and three-and-forty niggers made earth, and still they popped up. And I was diggin' lazily away at 'em wid my bayonet, downin' of 'em, when I woke up in a field hospital tent, and Sam was holding my hand.

"'I found him,' he says, after a bit.

"'Who?' says I.

"'Cap'n.'

"'Didn't know he was lost,' I says, and went to sleep again.

"When I was gettin' well I heard all about it.

"It seems the cap'n had got separated in the rush, wid between four and five bluejackets—"

"Between four and five, Chatty?" I asked.

"Did I say between? That's how it was telt me. I surmise there was a budding A. B. amongst 'em then, an O. D., but I don't know for certain. They was surrounded by a howlin' mob, no doubt fought away blind like I did. But one went down, and another went down, and on'y Cap'n Bunson and one bluejacket was left, back to back, when Sam Cahoun came boundin' into the circus, yellin' out 'Stamshaw for ever!' which he'd made a kind o' war-cry; and 'Wayo Wuz-Fuz!' and sich things. The other pore fellow was speared at that minit by a big buck nigger, but Sam was on the spearsman at the same instant and spread him out so that he never spoke no more.

"Then he stood by the cap'n and they fought silent, except when Sam used his navy revolver or his sea-service cutlass wid effect. Then he'd remark loud enough for the cap'n to hear: 'Brass buttons retired hurt, sir,' referrin' to a chap who wore a coat but no trousies, who was partic'larly active. The brass buttons jist shone up in the starlight, ye understand. 'Chap wid a white shirt sicked off, sir.' The cap'n answered not a word, but fought grim. He was breathin' hard, too. At last the crowd seemed to melt away, and they two thought they was safe, when another mob in full retreat rolled along, and pore Cap'n Bunson fell wid a shovel-headed spear in his chest.

"The battle was ended, the enemy was gone home, and the British army camped where it stood. Search parties went out lookin' for the wounded, but the battle had been scattered, and no ambulance came near Samuel, where he stood by the cap'n. So at last he hoisted him up, and staggered wid him towards the nearest camp fire, far away.

"'Halt! Who goes there?' sang out a sentry at last.

"'Me,' said Sam, 'a blighted matlow (matelot,) which is French for flatfoot.'

"'French, eh?' snapped the sentry, one of the Black Watch he was. 'Say what yer doin' here, quick, or I fire.' And he held his musket in a shootin' attitude.

"'Me dear McPherson, you see before ye a cox'n, a cap'n's cox'n of the royal navy, wearin' round his neck his superior officer, bashed about a bit.'

"'Advance, cap'n's cox'n of the royal navy, wid the superior officer bashed about a bit, and give the countersign.'

"'Look here, McPherson—'

"'My name's not McPherson.'

"'Eh, mon, I know it ain't. I took ye for a parsnip, and tried to butter ye. Your native heath's in the Mile End road. But we'll argue this out to-morrow, cully. What I started out to observe was, that if you repeat all I say, and ast for countersigns and all that, we shall never git to the doctor. Call the sergeant of the guard, for God's sake. Oh, here he comes. Sergeant, kindly tell off a couple of hands to help carry Cap'n Bunson here, wounded and unsensible. Your man Smith is all for the articles of war and shootin' at sight.'

"'Smith! his name's Macfarlane.'

"'Oh, is it? Well, good night, Privit Mac—farlane. Now, sergeant dear, show us the naval brigade, and we'll do the rest.'

"So the sergeant told off some men to carry the cap'n, but in half-a-dozen paces Sam himself tumbled down and wanted carryin'. He'd got several gashes, and was a bit weak. The fust thing he said when he come to was to ast if they'd brought in the other bluejackets what was wid the cap'n. They had not, for they was all dead.

"The cap'n got about before I did. My wounds was not any of 'em dangerous, but they was in great plenty. I got 13 hurt certificates. 'Just your luck,' says Sam, 'I go in the same battle and on'y git four! Look at the honor you've got!'

"'Well, you should 'a stood by me,' I said, 'then you could 'a shared it, for all I care. I ain't a cap'n though, I ain't.'

"'Now, Chatty,' he says, 'you're a-wanderin.' Wound No. 12 ain't quite healed. Go to sleep.'

"The cap'n made full inquiries about Sam's evolutions on the battlefield. He offered to git him promoted to a warrant's billet. But Sam wouldn't take a warrant at any price. He said he wasn't goin' to be no salt beef squire; it was bad enough to look after cap'ns, let alone gunners' and boatswain' stores. His head wasn't good enough for any keepin' of accounts, he said: and he was goin' to be cap'n's cox'n and nothin' else, except adm'ra'ls cox'n later on, when Cap'n Bunson got his hoist to the flag rank.

"The cap'n argued the point, but Sam could always beat him at that.

"So the cap'n give in. But he had forwarded an account of it all, and a strong recommend for the cross. And he got it too, did Cahoun, and the queen herself pinned it on.

"For once in a way Sam lost his bearin's. The queen held out her hand for him to kiss, and Sam ups and shakes it hearty. She laughed, and so did the prince, and all of 'em. Sam seen the point then, and when the prince stepped forward holdin' out his hand, Sam dropped on his knee and went to kiss it. But the prince wouldn't have it, and they shook like old friends, and all the court crowded around in the next room to shake with the tall sailor, wid 'For Valor' on his chest, and ast him how he done it, and he said he didn't know, he supposed he was excited at the time.

"And now the cap'n's a full adm'ral, and Sam is adm'ral's cox'n, and his beard torpedo-rig—which is pointed—and all goldy colored: the finest made cox'n in the navy, and that is as much as to say the whole world.

"And when lady visitors sees him a sittin' in the starn-sheets of the adm'ral's barge, wearin' the little iron Maltese cross, they say: 'The Victoria cross! Dear me, how did you get that, my good man?' And he answers: 'It's all a mistake, mum. I was wanderin' round wantin' a scrap, and I come up like the pleeceman towards the end of one and took all the glory. The other bluejackets, mum, what was there before me, happened to lose the number of their mess, and the queen don't give her medals to dead men.'

"'Do you mean the poor fellows were killed?' says the lady, shrinkin' wid horror at the way he says it.

"'Yes, mum. But we expect that sort of thing in a fightin' navy. If death comes, we say, let him come sharp and short. No maimin' and blindin', but a fair downer in action. That's sea divinity, mum. We ain't tender and we ain't treated tender.'

"'How dreadful!' says the lady, and then she asts the adm'ral if all his men are such brutes as his cox'n, and the adm'ral laughs, and says he hopes so."

—Idler.

RAISIN FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA.

The Vineyards Are Beautiful in Rich Vegetation.

The raisin vineyards of California are now alive with toilers, and every day tons of the delicious fruit are on their way to market. It is in the land of the mirage that the raisin flourishes—a country that bears the most striking resemblance in climate, soil and scenery to Syria. It has the same cloudless sky, the same burning sun, the same rich volcanic soil, the same long, dry season. In fact, nearly every feature of the Holy Land is reproduced along the western base of the Sierra Nevadas, in the foothills and valleys which are cut off by the coast range from the cool trade winds and the heavy fogs of the Pacific ocean. In those great California valleys, where the sun burns like a ball of fire in a brazen sky from May to November, the mirage is a common occurrence, and the toiler in the vineyards of Fresno or Merced counties sees islands of feathery palms in broad cool lakes all along the horizon, while he is parched with thirst within five minutes after he has drunk the heated water from his canteen.

Any tourist who visits California in September and early October will find it worth his while if he journeys through the hot, dusty San Joaquin valley to stop over a day at Fresno and visit some of the great raisin vineyards near that city. The whole country is level as a billiard table; the roads are fine and hard, and along most of the highways are lines of eucalyptus and pepper trees, relieving the bareness of the country and furnishing a fine shade. The old established vineyards are superbly ornamented with hedges of fine shade trees, and the grounds about the houses contain many varieties of palms, rare shrubs, and flowers. All across the country he will see the shimmer of the irrigating canals, for Fresno has the most perfect and extensive irrigating system in the world, the water being brought from the rivers which flow down from the Sierra Nevada, in 2,600 miles of canals and 5,000 miles of lateral ditches. The big canals are generally 200 feet wide; the ditches which carry the water to each vineyard are from three to ten feet wide.

The Muscat vines are cut down so that the main trunk of the vine is about 16 inches high. From this the lateral shoots run out, frequently for ten or 15 feet, thus covering the ground with foliage. Most of the bunches of grapes hang near the main trunk of the vine, and they are protected from the fierce sun by the leaves. They are large, amber-colored grapes, the bunches being frequently a foot long. The vineyard is cultivated regularly until the lateral shoots begin to impede the plow. By the first of September the grapes begin to show signs of maturing, but it is frequently the middle of the month before picking begins. This is a labor that demands care and skill.

To make the best raisins it is indispensable that the bloom on the grape should not be injured by handling. The picker takes the bunch by the stem, and, with a sharp curved knife, cuts it from the vine. Then, with scissors, he removes any defective berries, and places the bunch carefully on the wooden tray by his side. This tray is of redwood, is about two feet long by three broad, and holds 25 pounds of grapes, which, when dried, will yield five pounds of raisins. When full the tray is left in the sun, and for ten days is not disturbed. Then the half-dried grapes are turned. This is done by two men, who place an empty tray over the full one and invert the lower. In this way the whole trayful of grapes is turned without handling.

In about two weeks the second process of drying is completed. The trays are then stacked in heaps, and as rapidly as possible the cured grapes are transferred to sweat boxes, three feet long, two feet wide, and eight inches deep. In these the rasins pass through a necessary stage, which frees them from moisture and gives them that aroma which the lover of raisins enjoys as much as the taste. These sweat boxes are taken to the packing house, where women and girls sort and arrange the raisins in the boxes which one sees in the stores.

In the packing a good deal of art is shown, for the raisins of the top layer are spread by hand so as to make them appear large and flat. Every process of raisin making is clean, and the packing house—unlike the fruit cannery—has no ill-smelling refuse. The women and girls are neatly dressed, and many of them do no work in the year except in raisin packing time. They work by the piece, the average hand making $1.25 a day and the most expert two dollars a day.

Some of the big raisin vineyards of Fresno county are grand places, for no care nor expense has been spared to make the surroundings beautiful. On the Barton and Eisen farms are noble hedges of eucalyptus and cedars, which make superb avenues; while the Butler and Forsythe vineyards are noteworthy for the finely ornamented grounds which surround the houses.—Detroit Free Press.

What Squirrels Eat.

Squirrels do not entirely subsist on nuts, as most people suppose. They are largely fruit eaters, and occasionally work big havoc in the orchards at the fall of the year. They are not above stealing partridge eggs, and on this account are not beloved by the sportsmen. Even poultry, when they stray, as they often will, and lay eggs beyond the confines of the poultry yard, suffer from attacks of squirrels when the mother bird is away. In pine tree districts these little climbers are fond of splitting the pine cones and eating the seeds thereof. But above all things squirrels are fond of fungus. They will not have anything to say to the common or garden mushroom, but confidently devour the most yellow and poisonous looking of toadstools that grow in damp woods and fields. They never store these, for they know well that fungi will not keep. They devour them greedily as they come to light, and revisit the spot as soon as fresh spawn renews the fungus. There are, however, many kinds of toadstools that squirrels know to be poisonous and these they will not touch —Detroit Free Press.

The Labor Problem.

Neophyte—I don't see why you should give Wiklow two dollars a day and me only a dollar and a half.

Superintendent—Wiklow is an experienced hand.

Neophyte—Then the work must come a good deal easier to him than it does to me, and he oughtn't to get so much instead of getting more.—Boston Transcript.

FIGHT WITH THEIR FISTS.

How British Army Officers Settle Little Points of Etiquette.

In view of the recent duel between the duke of Orleans and the count of Turin we publish the following article which shows the manner in which British officers settle disputes.

Officers have their disagreements, of course, like other men, and they have to be settled. Dueling is forbidden by law, as well as by modern ideas and common sense. Complaints respecting infractions of mess etiquette, or of ungentlemanly or unsoldierly conduct, may be submitted to the mess committee, the punitive powers in which are extremely far-reaching. The life of an officer "sent to Coventry" by his fellows is unendurable, and his only chance is to exchange.

But all this is moral suasion only, and in the end disputes are frequently settled by a resort to first principles—the rule of fist; while redress is sometimes obtained in ways as drastic as they are novel.

A gentleman joined a crack cavalry regiment. He had no pedigree or family to recommend him—in fact, his father was a retired brewer, and by scions of nobility among his comrades he was rather coldly received.

"Are you the son of Dash, the brewer?" inquired one of these.

"I am."

"Then why don't your father bring you up to his trade?"

"Oh, well; you're the son of Lord Blank, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't he bring you up a gentleman?"

The upshot of this was a rough-and-tumble, wherein it was demonstrated that, in the army, a plebeian is the equal of a peer—if he can box as well.

Another gentleman from the ranks of trade came home one day to find all the crockery and breakable articles in his rooms smashed, the same being intended by the wreckers as a delicate hint that his presence among them was objectionable.

He was late for dinner that evening, and apologized to the president of the mess for it, explaining what had happened—that he had been to the rooms of the three he suspected and returned the complaint; if he had wronged any, he would apologize and restore the articles; if he had hit on the right ones, they could have satisfaction in the riding school after dinner.

Accordingly, after dinner, two of them received satisfaction in full, a la Corbett, in drill time; but the third proved a tougher nut to crack, and the big-hearted plebeian (who, by the by, is now a general) weakened by his exertions, was getting worsted; so another of the same social status, who was an expert boxer, took up the running.

He soon finished off the third man, and obligingly offered to take on any one who sympathized with the trio. By this means—appropriate to their profession—these two officers opened the door in that regiment to others than offshoots of the peerage, by whom it had previously been regarded as a preserve.—Pearson's Weekly.

COLONY OF WILD HERONS.

Birds That Do Much Good in a Modest Way.

Somewhere in the hills about four miles back of Holbrook's Station, on the Northern Pacific, and about 17 miles from this city, there is a heronry, where hundreds of herons have their nests and raise their young. The place is in a deep ravine, not far from a public road, and would be visited by numbers of persons if they only knew where it is. The herons build their nests away up in the tall fir trees, and sometimes there are several nests in a tree. The heronry, as such colonies are called, covers about 20 acres of land. There are, without exaggeration, hundreds of nests in this tract, and some say thousands. The herons go down to the ponds and sloughs on Sauvie's island and catch frogs, carp and other reptiles and fishes to feed their young. They have a regular "flyway," and a person who knows where to post himself can easily get a shot at them.

The heronry was several miles distant from where it now is a few years ago, but some one took to shooting them, so they moved. A few days since two or three dozen of herons were sent to this market from that section, and it is probable that the same fellow is molesting them again, and will doubtless drive them out of the country.

There is no need of this. The heron is not fit for eating, and is only bought by Chinese, and the man who shoots them gets only a trifle for them. They are harmless birds, and destroy only reptiles and carp, or other no-account fish, and the heronry should not be molested. It is on a tract of land owned by a Mr. Poole, of this city.

In Great Britain heronries have long been protected by law and customs and there were many years ago immense ones, but the draining of swamps and fens reduced their food supply, and they had to scatter about more, but they are not molested wherever they go. The reason for the herons collecting in the place above mentioned is that the sloughs and ponds on Sauvie's island furnish plenty of food for them. They will do something toward keeping down the carp, and, as the heronry is a curiosity and attraction, it ought not to be broken up.—Portland Oregonian.

Diamonds.

There are few researches more interesting than those which touch upon the discovery or manufacture of diamonds. An explorer in the mountains in Natal came upon the crater of an extinct volcano. There was a very sizable lake at the summit, and an examination of the shore and soundings taken brought up sand which held small diamonds. There is a good deal of interest manifested as to whether an actual diamond mine is discovered or whether these gems were there by accident, being lost or thrown into the water. As the mountains of this region are not supposed to be diamond-bearing, it is suggested that volcanic action may have had something to do with the formation of these precious stones.—N. Y. Ledger.

Knew What It Was.

"Every man has his vice," said Tenspot to Tenterhook, who was fond of offering unsought counsel to his acquaintances.

"What is my vice, pray?" asked Tenterhook.

"Advice," replied Tenspot, unhesitatingly.—Detroit Free Press.

—At a recent meeting of the Royal society in London there was exhibited a new apparatus for registering the number of strokes made with the oar in a sculling boat.

PITH AND POINT.

—Eggs-actly So.—Ranger—"Why do you call that hen 'Macduff?'" Granger "Because I want her to 'lay on.'"—Chicago News.

—Well Mated.—"I know what ought to be done with cigarette fiends." "What?" "Marry them to girls who kiss their poodles."—Chicago Record.

—Injustice.—"I always believe in giving the devil his dues," said the young man who affects odd methods of thought. "Yes," replied his tailor, "but I don't think you have any business discriminating against your other creditors in his favor."—Washington Star.

—Merchant—"Have you had any experience in chinaware?" Applicant—"Years of it sir." Merchant—"What do you do when you break a valuable piece?" Applicant—"Well—er—I usually set it together again and put it where some customer will knock it over." Merchant—"You'll do."—Tit-Bits.

—Horrible Symptoms.—Mr. Beacon Hill—"Why, Penelope! What is the matter?" Mrs. Beacon Hill—"Oh, Horace! I am afraid Emerson has not that elevated mind we have a right to expect in a child of ours. He just said 'Da! Da!' like that common washerwoman's baby I heard in the park!"—Puck.

—How They Argued.—"Ah!" said the blustering lawyer, whose client had just been acquitted. "Now that it's all over, would you mind telling me how you reached your verdict?" "Certainly," replied the juryman. "We felt sure that if he had been guilty he wouldn't have hired you to defend him."—Philadelphia North American.

WILD HORSES OF ARIZONA.

Cattlemen Find Them Troublesome—Drive Stock from the Range.

Wild ponies are becoming troublesome in northern Arizona. In Navajo county the reservation Indians are selling horses to butchers, who use the flesh for fattening hogs. Their number is constantly increasing, and they are becoming a menace to the cattle range. Sheep and cattle owners are looking about for some means of relief, and it is not unlikely they will organize a series of grand round-ups, wherein the wild horses will be gathered, only to be shot.

"There must be 20,000 head of wild horses in northern Arizona," said Will S. Barnes, one of the largest cattle owners in Navajo county, the other day. "They are the worst nuisance that can be imagined. It has reached the point when we cannot safely turn out a riding horse to graze. We have to keep our saddle animals and round-up horses stabled all winter or bring them down to Phoenix for pasturage. The wild stock, not only eats the food that ought to go to the cattle, but they run cattle off the range. They have chased off all the cattle from the west end of the Hash Knife range, one of the best grass districts in northeast Arizona. It is useless to put out salt for the stock, for the wild horses chase away all the cattle that come near it. At this season of the year they are fat and have shining hides. They sweep over the country in great bands, gathering up any stray animals they may come across. A horse is as good as lost that joins them.

"Some of these wild horses are of good stock. Not long ago the ponies were the very best in northern Arizona. They were fine saddle animals and their value corresponded. Now there must be over 3,000 of these ponies running wild and without a brand. On the Puerco, in central Apache county, there must be 5,000 head of loose bronchos and about the same number are on the Navajo reservation, the property of the Indians, who do not seem to know what to do with them.

"Some of the Indians are getting quite a revenue from the fat ponies, which they sell to a Holbrook butcher for three dollars a head. What does the butcher want with them? He is fattening hogs on them. Three dollars is the ruling price for wild horses. I would like to sell a great many off my range at that price, and some of them are very well bred and would make valuable horses if broken. The only time when it is possible to capture any of the wild stock is in the early spring before the grass has come and when the ponies are lean and weak. Then on the Esperanza range four light men are mounted on horses especially trained and of speed and bottom. The wild horses are started just after they have drank and a bunch of the animals is cut off from the main herd and corraled. Sometimes it is necessary to shoot the lead mares, for the females always head the wild bunch."

Mr. Barnes is a member of the live stock board of Arizona, and will lay the matter before that body with a view to having the northern ranges cleared of their equine pests.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

English Railways.

Americans who travel in England never cease to wonder at the great heaps of luggage at the railway stations, which seem to belong to anybody who cares to help himself. The simplicity of the process struck an ex-convict recently, and he saw how much safer and easier a thing it was to help himself to a valise than to forge a note, as he had been doing. He was eventually arrested, but not before he had stowed away 50 portmanteaux, which were found in his room. The discovery has caused a renewed agitation for a checking system like the American, which is now coming into general use in France and other continental countries. With American checks and American vestibuled cars and sleepers, English travelers will soon have nothing to pride themselves on but their lack of "cowcatchers."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A White Crow.

To talk of a white crow seems to be the height of absurdity. But there is such a bird, and it lives in Baltimore, Md. It is a full-grown bird and behaves much better than the majority of crows. Perhaps it is conscious that it is a sort of king among crows and wishes to preserve its dignity. A number of bird fanciers have visited the bird and decided that it is a sure enough crow, even if it is white.—Golden Days.

The New Danger.

"Do you think there is going to be a revival of dueling?"

"No! People are more sensitive than they used to be about being laughed at."—Town Topics.

Had a Good Reason.

She—Do you consider Friday an unlucky day?

He—Most certainly! My wife always does the cooking on Fridays.—Yonkers Statesman.

EX-MINISTER TAYLOR.

Our Former Representative at Madrid is Talking Now—Official Seal Removed From His Lips—The Whole Pretense of Autonomy or Reforms for Cuba Nothing More than Shodowy Pretense—He Advocates Intervention.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The Herald presents a remarkable letter from Hannis Taylor, former United States minister to Spain, in which, after telling of his strenuous efforts to prevent a rupture of diplomatic relations between the countries during the dark days of the Competitor case, he asserts that the ruling class of Spain are determined to refuse any concessions which would be accepted by the Cubans.

Mr. Taylor, the seal of secrecy having been removed, tells how he and Senor Castelar tried to persuade the late Premier Canovas to offer genuine reform to the Cubans, as that otherwise intervention by the United States must follow inevitably.

This was Mr. Taylor's attitude as a diplomatic representative, anxious to prevent war. For a time he believed, he says, that the iron premier had yielded. But when the proposed reforms were made public he says, "I saw that the great man trifled with us as if we were children."

Mr. Taylor denounces the "Hollowness and emptiness of the whole shadowy pretense embodied in the royal decree of February, 1897," and after discussing what he believes to be the attitude of Spain's ruling classes, says he sees no solution of the Cuban problem which will end the inhuman strife except intervention by this country.

There are many dramatic passages in Mr. Taylor's letter, and it makes plain much that was dark.

Mr. Taylor's letter concludes as follows:

"In my former article I deliberately ventured to assert that 'I am satisfied, after careful investigation, that the ruling classes of Spain, civil, clerical and military, are resolved, regardless of party, to refuse to make any concessions to their rebellious colonists as would meet with their acceptance. I can not doubt that any minister who dares to undertake such a perilous enterprise will be at once discredited and driven from office, and it will be great weakness upon our part to be misled by any false hopes and promises in that regard.'

"Events in the future will demonstrate that I am right on that point. Of course if Gen. Blanco had brought with him anything like autonomy he would have proclaimed it at once. His effort, on the contrary, was to conceal the fact that he was powerless to give any such assurance.

"In the light of these facts I believe that all fair-minded men, will see how utterly unreasonable it is to call me a 'jingo.' I am just the reverse. My dear friend, the duke of Tetuan, late minister of state, who escorted me to the train upon my departure, gave me his portrait with a tender inscription, in memory of my continuous efforts during stormy times to keep the peace. For that reason many trembled to see me go away.

"And now that this personal transaction has been brought to light by Senator Salvani, who has the right to speak for Senator Castelar as well as himself, it appears that, in season and out of season, personally, as well as officially, I was always working to find a way to end this cruel Cuban war, and to render unnecessary the intervention of the United States.

"I am now the advocate of such intervention, because I am satisfied that it is the only remaining means by which peace in Cuba can possibly be secured."

ABSOLUTE INDEPENDENCE.

The Only Basis for the Restoration of Peace in Cuba.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The Herald prints the following letter from Maximo Gomez, general-in-chief of the Cuban army of liberation, dated at his camp in Sancti Spiritus:

"The enemies of Cuba have circulated in the United States the rumor that I am disposed to accept autonomy as a basis of settlement or solution of the present war. The constitution of Cuba absolutely establishes in its article eleven that peace is to be negotiated upon the basis of absolute independence of Cuba. It is to obtain independence that we have been for two years, and we will continue to fight until victory be ours."

TO BE COURT-MARTIALED.

Gen. Weyler Will Have to Give an Account of Himself.

MADRID, Nov. 6.—The Spanish government, as a result of the deliberations of the ministers over the utterances of Gen. Weyler, the former captain general of Cuba, has come to the decision to try him by court-martial, no matter where he lands, if he confirms the accuracy of the press reports of his utterances.

May be Interesting Developments.

HAVANA, Nov. 6.—The steamer Montzerrat, on which Gen. Weyler sailed for Spain on Sunday, reached Gibarra, on the northwest coast of Cuba, with her engines disabled, and may be compelled to return to Havana, in which case it is not unlikely that there will be interesting developments.

Nothing Heard of the Montzerrat.

HAVANA, Nov. 6.—No further news was received here to-day regarding the Spanish steamer Montzerrat, having Gen. Weyler, the former captain general of Cuba, on board, which vessel put into Gibara, province of Santiago de Cuba, for repairs to her machinery, while on her way from this port to Spain, via Porto Rico. to finish previous engagements soon enough.

The Competitor Case.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—A dispatch to the world from Madrid says: The government has decided to cable the authorities at Havana to begin as soon as possible the trial of the crew of the schooner Competitor before the naval court-martial, the decision of which must be confirmed by the Madrid government.

Too Late to Talk Autonomy.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—The Herald says, voicing the utterances of prominent Cubans, "It is too late to talk autonomy. Cuba is lost to Spain. Only independence for the island will put an end to the struggle now devastating the colony and ruining Spain."

Had to be Suppressed.

SANTANDER, Nov. 6.—A public meeting which was organized here to arrange a reception of Gen. Weyler, the former captain general of Cuba, was attended by such riotous opposition that the mayor dissolved it.

Manifestation Against Autonomy at Key West, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 6.—The Cuban population of Key West made a great demonstration against the acceptance of autonomy from Spain, Thursday night, with a grand torchlight procession and addresses by prominent Cubans. Strong resolutions were adopted against accepting autonomy.

Cattle for Cuba.

HAVANA, Nov. 6.—About 2,000 head of cattle arrived here yesterday from the United States.